

91
The JOVIAL GAMESTER'S
GARLAND.

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Composed of several excellent

91
NEW SONGS.

- I. The Jovial Gamester; or, Jack of all Trades, and Master of none.
- II. The young Man's desire; or, the Maid's resolution.
- III. The Betray'd Maid.
- IV. A New Song.
- V. The Crafty Maid out-witted by the old Fortune-Teller.



Licensed and entered according to Order



The Jovial Gamester's GARLAND

Sandy Cross, a Man of all Trades.

MY Father's a Minister and lives in the South,
He wins his Bread by the Wind of his Mouth
And I myself a Jolly Dragoon.
I kiss the Lasses in every Town.

With a Falla, &c

My Name's *Sandy Cross* I'll never deny,
And once I was a clever young Boy;
Now I'm turn'd a Tory indeed,
There's fifty broad Pieces bidden for my old Head, &c.

My Brether *Hengb*, if that he was here,
We should have a Bottle of Strong Beer;
And every Ale-house that we do go by,
We will make our generous Money to fly, &c.

I am a Taylor, a cunning young Rogue,
And many braw Petticoat I have made;
I take my Measure from Top to Toe,
And I stitch in the Middle and will have it so, &c.

I am a Blacksmith, the King of good Fellows,
I stand by my Studdy, my Man blows the Bellows;
My Iron is good, and so is my Steel,
And all my Delight's in a Glass of good Ale, &c.

I am a Writer, a Gentleman born,
My Paper, Pen, and my Ink-horn;

My

My Paper and Pen, I take for to write,
To kiss a young Lady is all my Delight, &c.

I am a Miller, a Miller I am,
I cast of my Breeches to wade the Mill damn:
I lay my Stones both cunning and fly,
And I gather my Moulter about the Mill-eye, &c.

I am a Butcher, a Butcher so good,
I stick a young Giffer, and draw no Blood;
I'll stick her, I'll prick her, and make her to thrive,
And come back the next Morning and her alive, &c.

I am a Shoemaker, and one of the best,
And when I want Leather I am sadly oppress;
The Maids in this Town they're cunning and sly,
And they lend their Leather a stitch to me, &c.

I am a Drover, I drive every Year,
I please my Customers with good Geer;
I sell a cheap Pennyworth when I am in Bed,
And that does make my Customers glad, &c.

I am a Shepherd, a Shepherd I am,
I have two Weathers, and one Ram;
My Ram he is bold, he goes in before,
And leaves the two Weathers to rap at the Door, &c.

I am a Fisher, a Fisher I am,
I cast my Line into the Mill-dam;
Come she early. or come she late,
I'll whip her up in the standing Gate, &c.

I am a poor Pedlar, I carry the Pack,
I carry such Things as young Ladies do lack;
Needles and Pins, and Cinnamon strong,
My ordinary Ginger is nine Inches long, &c.

I am a Ganger, a Ganger I am,
My gauge with a Measur that's ten Inches long;

The

The Maids in this Town has raised this Report,
And says that my Measure is three Inches too short, &c.

I am a Footman, I walk by the Road,
When I meet a young Lady I give her a Nod;
I kiss her, I clap her, I lye by her Side,
And when I am weary I'll jump on and ride, &c.

I am a Ship Carpenter, I work in the Dock,
I need not a Line to cut out my work;
My work is cut out before I begin,
I need not a Hammer to drive it in, &c.

I am a Glazier, and one of the best,
I take out my Diamonds to cut out my Glass;
And when I meet with a pretty young Lass,
I cannot avoid giving her a good Glass.

With a Fal la, &c.

The young Man's Desire: Or, the Maid's Resolution.

COME, come, my dear Nymph, now since Na-
ture seems gay,
To you shady Groves let us straight take the Way,
And taste all the Pleasures that Love can desire,
And talk of sweet Love, and of its strong Fire.

Sir, be not so hasty, for us Country Maids
Are often deluded by *London* fine Blades;
How many poor Girls have been ruined by you,
And ever hereafter have Cause for to rue.

I will take you to *London* and deck you so fine,
That you shall the brightest of Ladies outshine;
There ride in your Coach to the Park or the Play,
All glittering in Damasks that outshine the Day.

No, I do abhor such a scandalous Life,
I'll be no Man's Whore, but an honest Man's Wife:
Tho'

Tho' I'm poor I am honest, I'm not to be sold,
So pray take away both yourself and your Gold.

O dearest do not look so meanly on me,
For no Harm on my Honour shall happen to thee;
For here's Gold that buys all things, and Silver great
Store,
And when that is gone I'll supply thee with more.

I'll trust not your Honour, your Gold I despise,
My Virtue above all Temptations I prize;
Tho' I'm poor I am honest, and not to be sold,
So pray take away both yourself and your Gold.

O hast n, O hasten, and fill my fond Arms,
What Joys can be equal with your lovely Charms;
So do not be fretting, but love and comply,
And then I will love you till the Day that you die.

The Betray'd Maid.

LISTEN here a while, a Story I will tell,
Of a Maiden which lately fell;
It's of a pretty Maid, who was betray'd,
And sent to *Virginia*, &c.

It's on a Bed of Ease, to lye down when I please,
In the Land of fair *England* O;
But on a Bed of Straw, they lay me down full low,
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c

Seven Years I serv'd to Captain *Gulshaw* Laird,
In the Lands of *Virginia*,
And he most cruelly sold me to *Madam Gay*,
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c.

His Billets from the Woods upon our Backs doth bring,
In the Land of *Virginia*:

And

And Water from the Spring upon our Heads we bring,
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c.

Our Master he doth stand with a Lash in his Hand,
Crying, Come Boys, come away;
We must not stay to gang, but away we do run,
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c.

Our Lady goes to Meat, when we have nothing to eat,
In the Land of *Virginia*;
At every meal of Meet they lash us with a Whip,
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c.

Our Lady goes to walk, we must be at her Back,
In the Land of *Virginia*;
And when the Babe doth weep, we must lull it to sleep,
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c.

I have no Company but the silly Spider Fly,
In the Land of *Virginia*;
And down below my Bed, where she works her tender
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c. (Web,

'Tis needless for me to think of my Liberty,
From the Land of *Virginia*;
We're watched Night and Day, for fear we run away,
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c-

We're yoked to the Plough, and wearied sore enough,
In the Land of *Virginia*;
With the yoke about our neck, my back is like to break
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c.

If it were my Chance old *England* to advance,
From the Land of *Virginia*;
Never more would I be a Slave to Madam Gay,
And alas! I'll be weary, weary O, &c.

A New Song.

OVER Hills and over Dales,
 'Tis over pleasant Vallies;
 When my true Love was kept from me,
 It was out of Spite and Malice,
 I went into her Uncle's House,
 Thinking to find my Sweeting;
 The Answer was, there is none such here
 Which caused my Heart's grieving:
 My true Love hearing of my Voice,
 Looking out of the Window;
 Fain would I have thy sweet Company,
 But the Locks and Bolts do hinder.
 I stood amazed for a while,
 All in an angry Humour:
 My Passion flew, my Sword I drew,
 And through the House did venture.
 I took my true Love by the Hand,
 My Sword all in the other;
 All you young Men that loves so true,
 Take one and fight the other.
 Now my true Love I have gain'd,
 All my Sword and Valour:
 Now we do lead a happy Life,
 There's few that can us fellow;
 In Spight of cruel Parents dear,
 We live and do defy them.

The Crafty Maid out-witted by the old Fortune-Teller.

THere was an old Astrologer that did at Reading dwell,
 for telling of Astrology all others did excell;
 Where many a pretty Lass to this old Man would go,
 Each of them being willing their Fortune for to know.

Amongst the rest a brisk young Lass into his Lodging went,
 And for to have her Fortune told it was her full intent:
 Then asking for her the cunning Man, answer to her was made,
 He is up Stairs in the Chamber, pray call him down she said.

And when that he came down she unto him did say,
 I hear that you do Fortunes tell, can you tell mine I pray;
 And if you tell me true, I'll pay you well said she:
 No question but I can fair Maid, pray walk up Stairs with me.

I will not walk up Stairs she said with any Man indeed,
 And seem'd to have such Modesty as tho' she'd been a Maid:
 Besides, kind Sir, I am in Haste, and thought not to have staid,
 Pray be as mindful as you can, I'm but a Servant Maid.

When he stood up and paus'd a while, his Skin began to rise,
 And steadfastly look'd her upon, and made her this Reply:
 You say you are a Servant, but I find you are no Maid;
 'Tis Time sweet heart that you were wed, you have the
 Wanton play'd

O how she stamp'd for shame, hearing of what he said,
 But still she boldly answer'd, and said she was a Maid:
 Deny it not said he, for this you know is true,
 You lay with your Master not many Nights ago.

Oh how she stamp'd and swore she would her Master bring,
 To witness for himself and her that it was no such Thing:
 To swear and lie fair Maid, it makes your Case the worse:
 You know he gave you half a Crown, you have it in your purse.

She finding him so positive, she could not it deny,
 But yet she boldly answer'd him, and made him this Reply:
 Indeed kind Sir I am a Maid, and hope so to remain;
 'Tis true he had my Maiden-head, but he gave it me again.